

face with unparalleled prosperity. And so, by the time that the fall elections roll around, the politicians in power should have nothing to fear from the fellows whose pocketbooks are the fattest.

On the other hand, with every wage earner taxed an additional \$2.00 a barrel for flour, there would have been all sorts of trouble in store for the administration. Due to the high cost of living, the authorities are hard put to the task of keeping labor satisfied and at work. An appreciable raise in the price of wheat would have provoked a clamor for a corresponding raise of wages all along the line. So it would seem, as a purely economic proposition, that the President acted wisely. And the politicians who hope to hold control of Congress will be sure to figure out some argument that will make the President's veto work both ways for votes. The farmer will be reminded of his unprecedented prosperity, and the laborer will be told how their interests in this respect were conserved. And in case the two great voting elements cannot be welded together in support of the administration candidates this fall, then it is a foregone conclusion that of the two classes, the President and his party will have the preference, in point of numbers.

So, as we view the effect of the veto, Senator Gore is over-estimating the amount of political damage done. On the other hand, it would seem that a rare political stroke has been achieved. This does not attempt to say that the Republicans cannot gain control of Congress this year; their chances are good, but they will have to swing considerable more than the farmer vote to carry the elections. The issues that will invite the chief difference of opinion among the people during the campaign are yet to be defined.

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JOSEPH HOWELL.

ANOTHER distinguished Utahn has gone to his reward. When last seen about the city the late congressman seemed in rare good health and spirits and gave every promise of living to a ripe old age. So it was that the news of his sudden death came as a distinct shock to countless citizens in the community and state, who were proud to claim him as a personal friend. His loss will be felt keenly everywhere among the people whom he had served so long and well.

Joseph Howell was in many respects a most extraordinary man. He was a keen student of men and had an apt appreciation of the needs and desires of his fellow citizens, and it is to this faculty more than any other that his phenomenal rise in the councils of the state and nation must be attributed. Also, he had a strong mind and a stout heart and possessed those elementary qualities of rugged honesty and integrity that commanded the confidence and respect of friend and foe alike. He was marvelously successful in political ventures, yet in character and conduct he differed vastly from the average successful politician. He was a statesman whose opinions and counsels were constantly sought and carefully weighed, and as such, he set a high mark for his successors to shoot at. He was not radical in his views; he was not even brilliant in action; he was just a clear-headed, conscientious representative of the people, disliking the limelight and content to serve the state and nation in simple and substantial fashion. That was what made him solid with his colleagues and constituents alike.

Wherever he was and whatever he did, Joseph Howell reflected credit on himself and his people. In his dignified but unassuming manner he did much to break down the old prejudices and set his state aright in the estimation of Americans everywhere. It is for this achievement especially that his fellow citizens ever held him in high regard.

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THE DAY OF RECKONING.

WORD comes from the coast that the notorious Tom Mooney, upon his consignment to San Quentin prison to await execution on August 23, sullenly threatened that "there will come a day of reckoning if I am not granted a new trial." He doubtless has in mind the "bright red morning of freedom" when the followers of the red flag in America hope to arise en masse and take possession of the government and everything else in sight. Or does he mean to say that his

execution will excite his sympathizers to make some special move in retaliation, or simply hasten the day of their anticipated general uprising?

But it doesn't matter. Mooney and his kind are given to big talk. Surely they must realize that the citizens are in no humor at present to permit them to stage a Roman holiday. The day of reckoning will come, all right, but it will be a big surprise to some of these fine fellows when it does come. Meanwhile, if Governor Stephens of California is man enough to do his duty, and we believe he is, Mooney's day of reckoning will come first. What will follow may be open to speculation now, but there is no cause for alarm, notwithstanding all these ugly threats.

Mooney stoutly maintains his innocence of the charge of participating in the bomb throwing at the preparedness day parade in San Francisco two years ago. The courts of California have found him guilty. The case has been given every consideration possible. He has taken advantage of every possible means of delaying the course of justice. In no sense of the word is he being railroaded to the scaffold. The very best that can be said of Mooney is that he was found in bad company, company that he did not deny and whose fortunes he shared. Now he insolently defies the majesty of the law. As we view the situation, he has forfeited all right to further regard. All other considerations aside, his defiance constitutes a crime which deserves a similar penalty to that already in store for him. It is high time to make an example of Mooney, and the sovereign state of California will make no mistake in proceeding with his execution.

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General Foch is a living demonstration of the fact that a man sometimes can worry along without a press-agent.—*Emporia Gazette.*

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Von Hindenburg's promise of peace by August is evidently given as a promissory note with right of indefinite renewals.—*New York World.*

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Fighting has begun between Bolsheviks and anarchists in Moscow, and you can't tell the players without a score-card.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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LABOR OMINOUS, VINCIT.

"STRIKE!" Cried Uncle Sam, beleagured,
"Help me! Strike with all your might!"
"Aye!" Cried Labor, "Soak it to 'em!"
So they struck that very night.

Struck a blow, not at the Kaiser,
But a blow at Uncle Sam.
"What if boys lie bleeding, dying
What do we care? Not a damn!"

"Work!" Cried Uncle Sam, appealing,
"Let your efforts not abate.
Do not lose a single minute.
Let us reason. Arbitrate."

"Work?" Sneered Labor, "Nothing doing.
Don't talk nonsense. Raise your hands!
All the world can stand by idle
Till it meets with our demands."

"Shorter hours! Higher wages!
Raus mit duty! Get the dough!
What if soldiers work unceasing?
We should worry. Out we go!"

"Stand behind me! Build me shipping—
Freighter, Transport, Cruiser, Sub!"
Pleaded Uncle Sam. Said Labor,
"We're behind you—with a club!"

—By W. M. Bayliss, in *Bridgeport Life.*